

Emeline Hall



UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

VOL. XXIV.

BOSTON, JANUARY 16, 1875

NO. 38.

Time Enough.

Two little squirrels, out in the sun;
One gathered nuts, the other had none;
"Time enough yet," his constant refrain,
"Summer is still just on the wane."

Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate:
He roused him at last, but he roused him too late;
Down fell the snow from a pitiless cloud,
And gave little squirrel a spotless white shroud.

Two little boys in a school-room were placed;
One always perfect, the other disgraced;
"Time enough yet for my learning," he said;
"I will climb by-and-by from the foot to the head"

Listen, my darling; their locks are turned gray:
One as a governor sitteth to-day:
The other, a pauper, looks out at the door
Of the almshouse, and idles his days as of yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day;
One is at work, the other at play,
Living uncared for, dying unknown, —
The busiest hive hath ever a drone.

Tell me, my child, if the squirrels have taught
The lesson I longed to impart in your thought;
Answer me this, and my story is done,
Which of the two will you be, little one?

Child at Home.

A Child's Prayer.

LORD, look upon a little child,
And teach me how to pray;
Make me obedient, gentle, mild,
And lead me day by day.

Keep me from every sort of harm,
From every thought of ill;
Protect me with Thy guiding arm,
And make me do Thy will.

So may I grow up year by year,
May I increase in grace,
That, when my work is finished here,
I may behold thy face.

The Myrtle.

For the Myrtle.

How to be Happy.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.
PART III.

HELEN walked backward and forward in front of the house, pushing the baby carriage with her hands, but pushing a great thought in her mind at the same time.

"What, dull business to be good?" she said to herself. "No, I do not find it so. It seems to me that I was never so happy in my life. There must be angels in these bushes talking to me, for there seems plenty of company, and I am not lonesome one bit. The birds never sang as sweetly as they do this morning, and the flowers never seemed as lovely to me before. I wonder what it is that makes everything so beautiful."

Helen did not know that it was because her own heart was singing such a sweet song of goodness, that everything else joined in the harmony. Soon she heard Lucy calling,

"Helen. Helen."

"What do you want? Are you ready to go now?"

"No," said Lucy, "I am not ready to go, and I want you to come in just one minute. Aunt Jane says you *must*."

"But I cannot. I told you so before you went in."

"Yes, I remember what you said. But I told Aunt Jane about it, and she says there wouldn't

be the least harm in the world in your taking that baby out a few moments. She says your mistress would never know it, and it wouldn't make a bit of difference about your disobeying her, if she doesn't find out that you have done wrong."

"Oh, how could your Aunt Jane say so. God would know it if my mistress didn't."

"What if he did know it," said Lucy. "Do you think he cares whether you are in a house or out of it?"

"Yes. If it is *right* that I should be out of it, I think he cares a great deal."

"You must think he has plenty of time to spend, that he watches to see whether you are outside or inside of Aunt Jane's door."

"I do think," said Helen, "that he watches every least creature that he has made, and knows whether they are doing right or wrong."

"Well, supposing he does know, what difference do you think it makes to him?"

"It makes a great deal of difference, I know."

"How do you know it? It seems to me that you are a very little girl to be taken into the counsels of the great God."

Lucy laughed, as she said this, a very derisive laugh, but it did not disturb Helen in the least.

"It does not matter to me that you laugh. I would rather be on good terms with God, than with you."

"There, you are talking about God again, as if he were a boy about your size."

"No I am not. I do not mean any disrespect in what I say. But I believe that God hears every word we say, and knows every act we do. There is no creature that he has made too small for him to notice."

"I don't believe it," said Lucy.

"Why not?"

"Because I have always been taught to think of him as a great deal above us."

"So he is above us. But that doesn't prevent him looking down on what we are doing."

"But he is a great God, and I can't think of him as caring for such little things."

"That is one of the reasons that he *is* such a great God. He is so great that he can keep the whole Universe under his eye at the same time."

"Well, supposing he *could*, why do you think he wants to meddle with such small affairs?"

I think every creature that he has made, is dear to him, and that he wishes them to be good and happy."

"Perhaps he does wish them to be happy, but I can't think that you would be any happier standing here in the street, than you would be inside of Aunt Jane's house."

"I know I am happier,"

"Well, I know you are not, because Aunt Jane has got something to show you. And she is frying cakes, and you can have some of the hot cakes if you will go in. Now you are not going to make me believe that you are happier standing here with these children, than you would be if you went into the house."

"Well, I can't help it if you don't believe it, I *know* that I am happier."

"Now how can you tell such a story?"

"It isn't a story, it's the truth. I am always happier when I'm doing right than wrong. And I believe that every person in the world is."

Just at this moment Aunt Jane opened the door, and said,

"Good morning, Helen. Come in a moment, and see my flowers. I have a beautiful rose in blossom."

"Thank you," said Helen, "I will come in and see it some other time, when I am out without the children."

"But I want to see the children. Bring them in with you."

"No, I thank you, I cannot do that."

"Why not?"

"Because their mother told me not to take them into any house."

"Why, what harm could come of it?" said Aunt Jane. "Children are just as safe inside my house as they are on the highway. Lucy has left her baby tied into a chair by my kitchen table, and you see how quiet and happy he is."

Just as she was saying these words, they heard a loud scream from the baby, and Aunt Jane and Lucy vanished into the house to see what was the matter.

Helen felt an impulse to run in, too, for the scream was so terrible, that she knew some dreadful thing must have happened.

But she remembered that she was not to leave the children that were under her charge, and so, however much she wanted to go, she resisted the temptation, and waited quietly outside till she should learn what was the matter with the screaming baby.

In a moment Aunt Jane appeared at the door with the child in her arms, she screaming as wildly as the baby.

"Oh, the child is killed, it is killed. Run, run for the doctor," she cried.

Lucy rushed by her running toward the doctor's office, and to Helen's inquiry, "What is the matter with him?" she replied as she ran, "He is burned with the hot fat."

Helen did not detain her to ask farther questions. But she learned afterward that the child had been left tied into a chair at the kitchen table, on which Aunt Jane had set a bowl full of hot fat, when she had done frying the cakes.

The child had reached out his little hand and tipped the bowl over, and in this way the hot fat had been poured all over him.

The screams of the burnt child brought the neighbors to see what could have happened, and seeing that there was plenty to help, Helen hurried away with her little ones, thankful with a great thanksgiving, that she had obeyed her mistress, and so saved them from danger.

Before she reached Mrs. Chatterton's, the story of the accident had run before her, and Mrs. Lee was coming to see whether her children were safe.

"Oh, thank God," she cried, as she grasped her baby in her arms. "He has spared my little ones, and sent them back safely to me once more."

Helen was happier now than she had ever been in her life. She knew that through her own resistance of temptation, these children had been preserved, and she thanked God that he had brought her, and them safely through the hour of trial.

E. M. B.

Missionary Katy.

"Yes, I've concluded to be a missionary when I get 'bout forty," said twelve-year-old Katy, coming home from a meeting where a lady, for fifteen years a missionary in Africa, had spoken only of the lights of that life, and not its shadows.

"Why wait until forty?" asked Katy's mamma.

"Well, you see I must teach first, you know, and perhaps write books too, and make lots of money; and then, when my hair gets gray, and my teeth tumble out, and all,—why, you see then I'll look well enough for a missionary; the heathen won't mind."

"Sure enough," said Mrs. Gray, "that is a very good plan of life, if you can follow it out. But you know there was Mrs. Stevens, who died last week, and she was just forty."

"Well, perhaps thirty-five would do."

"Yes, that would be only keeping seven-eighths of life for yourself, and giving one to Christ. That might do; only Aunt Katy, you know, died at thirty-five."

"Well, thirty, then," and Katy moved to the window, and looked out.

"Thirty; that's better. That is just the age of cousin Mary when she was thrown from the carriage on her way to a party. You know she has never walked a step since."

"Perhaps I could go at twenty-five," she said at last with a sigh.

"That is young enough to go to Africa," replied Mrs. Gray. "You know that pretty Miss Robbins, who was buried last week at that age, and thought of going out to India."

"I don't see, mamma," said Katy, turning from the window, and laughing, with tears in her eyes, "but I shall have to go right away, so as to be safe."

"So you would, darling, if you could not be one of Christ's workers every day, and right here. If you should live for yourself for twenty-five years, wouldn't it be rather hard work, all at once, to begin to live for others?"

"I think so. Why, of course!" said sensible Katy.

"Don't dream then, dear, of great things by-and-by; but be such a helpful worker every day in little things, that at last the Master shall see that you have grown strong enough to bear great things."

"I will, mamma. Now, shall I begin by watching baby, and letting pou go out for fresh air?"

And Katy's beginning is the true way. — *Well-Spring.*

The Lowly Spirit.

The lowly spirit God hath consecrated
As his abiding rest,
And angels by some patriarch's tent have waited
When kings had no such guests,
The dew, that never wets the flinty mountain,
Falls in the valley free;
Bright verdure fringes the small desert fountain,
But barren sand the sea.

THE smallest dew-drop on the meadow at night has a star sleeping on its bosom, and the most insignificant passage of Scripture has in it a shining truth!

A CLEAR conscience is better than a white cravat.



For the Myrtle.

The Perpetual Summer.

Oh, I wish 'twere always summer,
And the flowers were always bright,
I would like to feel as joyous
All my life-time as to-night.

I would like to spend my future,
Weaving garlands of the flowers,
Never older, or more care-worn,
Than in these bright summer hours.

Then this lesson must my darling
Have entirely understood,
There is but one way to pleasure,
That is, always to be good.]

There is only one bright summer,
That will nevermore depart,
This belongs to those who win it,
'Tis the summer of the heart.

E. M. B.



Wheelbarrow Travelling in China.



THE Chinese usually travel by water, but when this is impossible, sedan-chairs and wheelbarrows are made use of. We give a picture of the kind of wheelbarrow used in the northern provinces. It is only occasionally, however, that a horse or mule, or a donkey, is in front, pulling; this work is generally performed by a man. The Rev. Dr. Williamson, in his book, "Journeys in North China," refers as follows to these strange travelling conveyances:

"We met many of their extraordinary wheelbarrows, moving along on dry ground, with a sail set, each barrow having a great wheel in the centre, finely balanced. Those we saw were laden heavily, and had a large sheet of cloth set on a framework in front; many of these were so rigged as to be capable of being raised or reefed at pleasure, the ropes or braces being attached to a hook close to the driver. We have never seen these wheelbarrows without pity; the strain to the men who manage them is very great; in-

deed we have never before witnessed human beings under such heavy labor."

But Dr. Williamson being, with his books and other things, unable to get to his journey's end without making use of these wonderful sailing wheelbarrows, he hired three of them, and he says:

"We found them very tiresome; for though one man dragged in front and another pushed behind, we only went at the rate of one and a half miles an hour. As we got to the level country, we were fortunate enough to have a breeze right on our backs, which accelerated our pace to about two and a half miles an hour."

In the province in which Shanghai is situated, a smaller and somewhat better kind of wheelbarrow is used; and Mrs. Thompson, writing concerning the way in which the Chinese girls in our boarding schools take the air, states that they sometimes walk, and sometimes ride on the native wheelbarrows! Miss Fay, too, in a letter, says she went to one of the out-stations on one of these funny Chinese conveyances.

The young Emperor of China has recently given his consent to the construction of a railroad ; and the days of travelling by sedan-chairs and wheelbarrows will, no doubt, soon be numbered ; for if our railways are introduced, so will be, also, our turnpikes, and our horseback, carriage and stage riding.

How Isaac Rich Became Rich.

Isaac Rich, who left a million and three-quarters, a year or two ago to found a college in Boston, began business thus : At eighteen he came from Cape Cod to Boston with three or four dollars in his possession, and looked about for something to do, rising early, walking far, observing closely, reflecting much. Soon he had an idea. He bought three bushels of oysters, hired a wheelbarrow, found a piece of board, bought six small plates, six iron forks, a three cent pepper box, and one or two other things. He was at the oyster boat buying his oysters, at three in the morning, wheeled them three miles, set up his board near a market and began business. He sold out his oysters as fast as he could open them, at a good profit. He repeated this experiment morning after morning, until he had saved one hundred and thirty dollars, with which he bought a horse and wagon and had five cents left.

"How are you going to board your horse?" asked a stable-keeper, who witnessed this audacious transaction.

"I am going to board him at your stable."

"But you are a minor," replied this acute Yankee. "And mind, I can't trust you more than a week."

The next morning the lad, who had established a good credit with oystermen, bought thirteen bushels of remarkably fine oysters, which he sold in the course of the day at a profit of seventeen dollars. So he was able to pay for his horse's board. And right there in the same market he continued to deal in oysters and fish for forty years, became king of that business, and ended by founding a college; thus affording a new illustration of Prof. Agassiz's theory that the consumption of fish is serviceable to the brain.

THERE is one single fact which one may oppose to all the wit and argument of infidelity, namely, that no man ever repented being a Christian on his death-bed.

I'll do What I Can.

ONE gentle word that I may speak,
Or one kind, loving deed,
May, though a trifle, poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed;
And who can tell what good may spring
From such a very little thing?

Then let me try each day and hour,
To act upon this plan;
What little good is in my power,
To do it while I can.
If to be useful thus I try,
It may be better by-and-by.

Allie's Prayer.

There was once two little brothers in one home. The older had learned to say his evening prayer, kneeling by his mother's side. But the younger was able to lisp only a few words, and his mother had never tried to teach him any prayer. Yet he would often come with his brother in his snow-white night-dress, kneel down with him before his mother, put his little hands before his face, and then look up to his mother as if wondering why she did not also tell him how to pray.

One evening, when bed-time came, they both knelt down together, and Charlie repeated his prayer as usual. When he was done, little Allie looked up to his mother, and lisped,

"Mamma, me p'ay too."

Then he put his hands over his eyes, and said only these two words:

"God—Allie!"

How simple and how beautiful that was. The great God in heaven, and little Allie kneeling and lisping before his mother's lap. — *American Messenger*.

THOMAS FULLER relates a curious incident which is truly characteristic.

"A gentleman," he says, "having led a company of children beyond their usual journey, they began to be weary, and jointly cried to him to carry them; which, because of their number, he could not do, but he told them he would provide them horses to ride on. Then, cutting little wands out of the hedge as nags for them, and a larger one for himself, they mounted, and those who could scarce stand before, now, full of mirth, bounded cheerfully home."

To know how to wait is the great secret of success.



Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

— The South Boston Sunday School has recently concluded an eminently successful fair. This fair was held to assist in removing the debt on the church. So vigorously was it conducted that at its close they were able to report, "It will net not far from \$1500." This is an excellent example for other schools. In what way can the energies of our schools be more profitably employed than in assisting the church to which they belong, in liquidating debt and thus making their record fair and their name honorable among men.

MAINE.

— For the sake of the Buckfield Sunday School, we are sorry to hear that Mrs. S. C. Andrews is about removing to Portland with her husband, Hon. S. C. Andrews. Mrs. Andrews has been a most faithful worker in the school, and she carries with her the good wishes of the whole school, all appreciating her work in Buckfield, and parting with an old teacher with many regrets.

— We give these suggestive words from the *Banner*: "We do not know how many Sunday School attendants we have in Maine, but patient inquiry has given us the number in the Oxford Association, comprising the churches of Oxford and Androscoggin counties. The committee on the state of the church, states this to be one thousand six hundred and seventy-four. This report is full of suggestions. Here are our future societies and churches, in these sixteen hundred scholars. What our church will be, he could tell, who knew what our efforts with this army of children and youths will be. With these scholars, will our church flourish or decline? These scholars are in our hands. They are as the brick the workmen place in the walls of some noble building. They may be inspired with a love of worship, and find the sanctuary their constant retreat. They may be filled with a love of Universalism, and catch up the banner that is falling in the dust from the hand of our old standard bearers. There is no time to be lost. Let every Universalist pray by night, and work by day. The night cometh when no man can work. Now is the day of opportunity. Let us put on the whole armor of God, and battle for Christ and our own souls. No one of us can do much, but put the sum of our labors together a quarter of a century hence, and if we have labored in the spirit and truth of the dear Master, no figures will express the largeness of the result. In our own souls will they be written. In thousands of homes made happy by the indwelling grace of love will the result be figured. God make us all faithful in the present!"

INDIANA.

— The fine school in Lafayette gave a splendid exhibition a week or two ago, which was attended by more than five hundred persons. A general demand for its repetition was complied with, and the receipts were given to the Kansas and Nebraska sufferers.

NEW YORK.

— From Buffalo we learn of the prosperity of our church under the care of Rev. L. J. Fletcher. That the Sunday School under

his care prospers we are not surprised, when we learn that "he prepares for his Bible Class as carefully as for his pulpit efforts, and is satisfied that some of his best work is done there."

CALAFORNIA.

— San Francisco says: "We shall have to increase the number of MYRTLES taken. School growing rapidly and everything encouraging."

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA, DEC. 29, 1874.

To Mr., Mrs. or Miss Editor of Myrtle:

Your correspondent, who signs with four stars in the MYRTLE of December 19th, has such a happy way of inviting to the joy of beholding almost forty little boys and girls learning of Mrs. Capin and Miss Chandler such nice lessons in such a pleasant Sunday School, at Springfield, Mass., that when next the writer is privileged to spend Sunday there, he proposes to look in upon the little ones. In the meantime, if you should happen this way, he suggests that you take a peep at the Infant Class of the Church of the Messiah, in this city, under the charge of Mrs. Greice, composed of from fifty to sixty boys and girls, responding to the "Helper Primary Lesson," in the prettiest Sunday School ever visited, either in England or America, by

Yours very truly, K. G. F.

Very gladly are letters of this character welcomed by "Mr. Mrs. or Miss Editor of MYRTLE." Let us have more of them. —ED.

— DON'T make the mistake of always lecturing to your class. Put your question in such a way and in such an order as to lead to original thought and the natural development of the idea on the part of the pupils themselves. It is an art to do this, and a difficult one; but keeping the purpose faithfully in view, you will acquire more and more skill, "yes" and "no" answers will give place to intelligent replies, and interesting and profitable sessions will succeed, dull hours and an insignificant dragging over stony ground.

— ONE objection that is sometimes urged against the request to take a class is, "I am too young; my scholars would be almost as old as myself." The objection is certainly good if youth and lack of ability always go together. But they do not, and we know of no reason why, within reasonable limits, the question of age could not be entirely dropped out. The minister is not older than his congregation; it is necessary only that he be consecrated to his work and be thoroughly in earnest in preparing himself for his responsibilities.

— GOOD music is the sunshine of a school. Try to find a leader; — a man with a clarion voice and a nervous arm is the best, but a lady whose singing is at once clear, strong and sweet, will fill the position admirably. And when you have found this leader, clothe him with authority and let him stand out in front of the pupils and really lead. We have been in many schools where the one who should have been musical leader was only half recognized as such, and was compelled to occupy an inconspicuous place and drag the school along with him as best he could by mere force of lung. That will not do. Let your leader stand out and lead.

— THERE are many fruits that never taste sweet until the frost has laid upon them; there are many nuts that never fall from the boughs of the forest-trees till the frost has opened and ripened them; and there are many elements of life that never grow sweet and beautiful until sorrow touches them.

— IN union there is strength, especially where the union is fortified by a fixed policy.



Doing for Minds.

COLOSSIANS iii. 17.

When we talked with you, dear children, last week about doing for your bodies, we had yet other talks about doing, which we were planning to give you.

You are not all bodies, as we told you last week. God has made you very wonderfully, and to each little child he has given a mind which dwells in the body—that is, we may say, it lives in the body, though it would be more truthful to say, that the mind makes its headquarters in the body.

You have heard people tell sometimes, have you not, about being absent-minded, and of wandering minds.

The mind is that part of you which takes careful note of everything passing, and holds the past as well as the present in a way that we call remembering. Bodies of themselves, if minds were not living with them, would be very stupid things; and much of their beauty and worth depends upon the worth of this indwelling guest. Every one wishes to be beautiful. There is an enormous sale of articles to put upon the skin to make it fairer, and in some countries ladies take arsenic to make the skin white and beautiful, and millions of money are spent every year in exterior adornings of the body to make it look beautiful.

How much better it would be, if these foolish ones who spend so much money on the outside of themselves, could be taught that true beauty comes only from within, and that the only way to be truly beautiful, is to have a fine mind, and a fine soul dwelling in the body.

But how are we to get this fine mind? That is what I set out to tell you. Minds *grow* with use. We did not first make our mind, but we have each much to do with growing or dwarfing our mind. The mind will not grow of itself more than a plant will grow without being given the rain and the sunshine.

We are to give something to our minds continually to help their growth. What shall it be?

1. Good companionship. By this I mean that we are to seek to know those people who are wisest and best. We are to listen to what these people have to say, attentively, to try to understand them when they talk, and to profit by the words spoken. Then we are to treasure up these words of wisdom, and make them a part of our own life. We are to think of them much after we are away from the persons who have spoken them, and strive to get farther in the ways where they have directed us.

Another way of helping the growth of our minds is by reading good books. Very few understand this. Most people who read, read almost wholly for amusement. They do not ask, when they take a book, Will this book make me wiser and better? but the question is rather, Will this book amuse me for this hour? So they read foolish books, exciting books, nonsensical books, and so waste their present and endanger their future.

We ought to be very judicious in our choice of books, buying, or taking from libraries only such as are known to be good and helpful. There is no end of books written and published, but of these many, there should be selected the few that are really worth attention.

When the few choice books have been chosen, we must next set about reading them *thoroughly*.

No one should read a book and lay it aside without being able to tell its contents. I often hear Sunday School scholars say, when their teacher selects a book for them, "I don't want that book, I have read it." Frequently at such a moment I have said to the child, "Tell me what is in that book," and the child would be found entirely unable to tell anything that the book contained. Then I say, "It will not hurt you to read that book again. You may have read it; but so far as any good that has come to you from the reading, it is quite the same as if you never had seen it."

Read thoroughly, dear children, and when you have read, try to remember the words which have helped you. Dwell upon them, make them your own, and with all the skill you possess, strive to grow wise through others' wisdom.

Another large source of mental growth is in studying God's works. The rocks, the plants, the animals, our own wonderful bodies, all these are teachers, and our minds will grow as we apply them to searching out these mysteries. There are wonders in earth and sea and air, that are perpetually asking us to come and study them and grow strong. God is always asking us to come and learn of Him, and we may accept the invitation if we will, and grow up into beauty and strength, which will not die when our bodies die, but will go with us into the land of the Immortals.

Enigma No. 3.

I am composed of twenty-five letters.

My 13, 24, 15, 4, 10, 8, 11, is used in washing.

My 5, 17, 13, 1, 9, is seen in every house.

My 22, 2, 15, 16, is not sweet.

My 16, 7, 23, is a kind of grain.

My 3, 9, 18, 19, 17, is a girl's name.

My 25, 17, 10, 19, 6, is a gift of God.

My 12, 21, 4, 8, 17, is a quadruped.

My 20, 14, 5, 23, 1, is an inn.

My whole is one of Christ's commands.

Answer to Enigma No. 2.

JAN. 9. Sinai; Daniel; Olives; Elisha; David; Carmel; Aaron; Bethlehem; Tiberias; Galilee; Now; Devil; Bethany; Youth; N; A; Y. "Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

THE MYRTLE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY THE

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

37 Cornhill, Boston.

CHARLES CAVERLY, Jr. Agent.

TERMS—PAYMENT TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE.

Single copy, or less than ten, 75 cents per year.

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